



RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_W9-CWD-144

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

SAUL GROLL

~~1442 VYSE AVENUE~~

1484 Bryant Ave.



Frontispiece—Rip van Winkle

Rip Van Winkle

A Legend of the Hudson

By

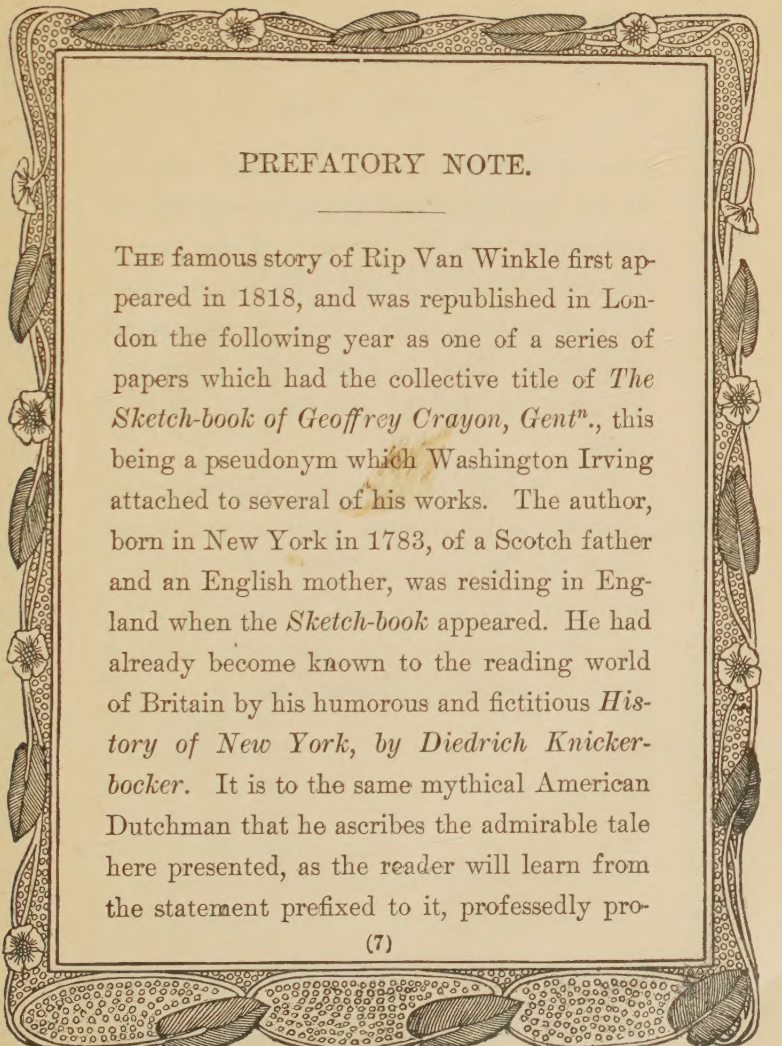
WASHINGTON IRVING

With Forty-Six Illustrations

PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

Copyright 1900, by HENRY ALTEMUS

PRINTED IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

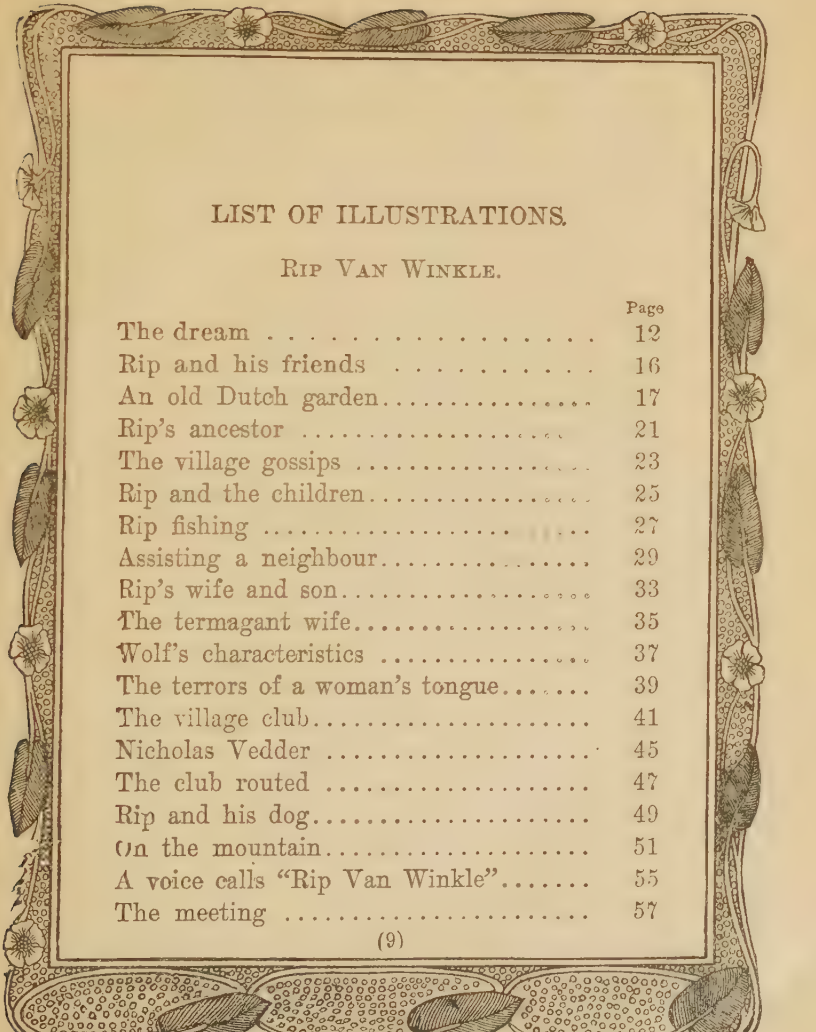


PREFATORY NOTE.

THE famous story of Rip Van Winkle first appeared in 1818, and was republished in London the following year as one of a series of papers which had the collective title of *The Sketch-book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gentⁿ*, this being a pseudonym which Washington Irving attached to several of his works. The author, born in New York in 1783, of a Scotch father and an English mother, was residing in England when the *Sketch-book* appeared. He had already become known to the reading world of Britain by his humorous and fictitious *History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*. It is to the same mythical American Dutchman that he ascribes the admirable tale here presented, as the reader will learn from the statement prefixed to it, professedly pro-

ceeding from the pen of Geoffrey Crayon. Irving lived for a number of years in England, and was on intimate terms with Moore, Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished men of the time. His later years were spent at Wolfert's Roost (or Sunnyside), his retreat on the River Hudson, and here he died in 1859.

The speciality of this edition consists in the illustrations by Gordon Browne, and these speak for themselves. The text is divided into pages of various sizes, in order that the passages illustrated may come directly opposite the respective illustrations.



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

	Page
The dream	12
Rip and his friends	16
An old Dutch garden	17
Rip's ancestor	21
The village gossips	23
Rip and the children	25
Rip fishing	27
Assisting a neighbour	29
Rip's wife and son	33
The termagant wife	35
Wolf's characteristics	37
The terrors of a woman's tongue	39
The village club	41
Nicholas Vedder	45
The club routed	47
Rip and his dog	49
On the mountain	51
A voice calls "Rip Van Winkle"	55
The meeting	57

	Page
Lending a hand.....	59
Odd-looking personages	63
The nine-pin players	65
The first taste.....	67
A thirsty soul.....	69
The slumber	71
The awakening	75
The return	79
The deserted home	83
The sign-boards	87
A politician	89
Federal or Democrat	91
Resting-place of Nicholas Vedder.....	95
Van Bummel translated.....	97
Rip junior	99
Rip bewildered	101
Rip's daughter	103
Return of Wolf.....	105
Rip recognized	107
Peter Vanderdonk	109
"Like father like son".....	113
Former cronies	115
The rising generation	117
Dora Van Winkle's grave.....	121
The story retold.....	123

List of Illustrations. 11

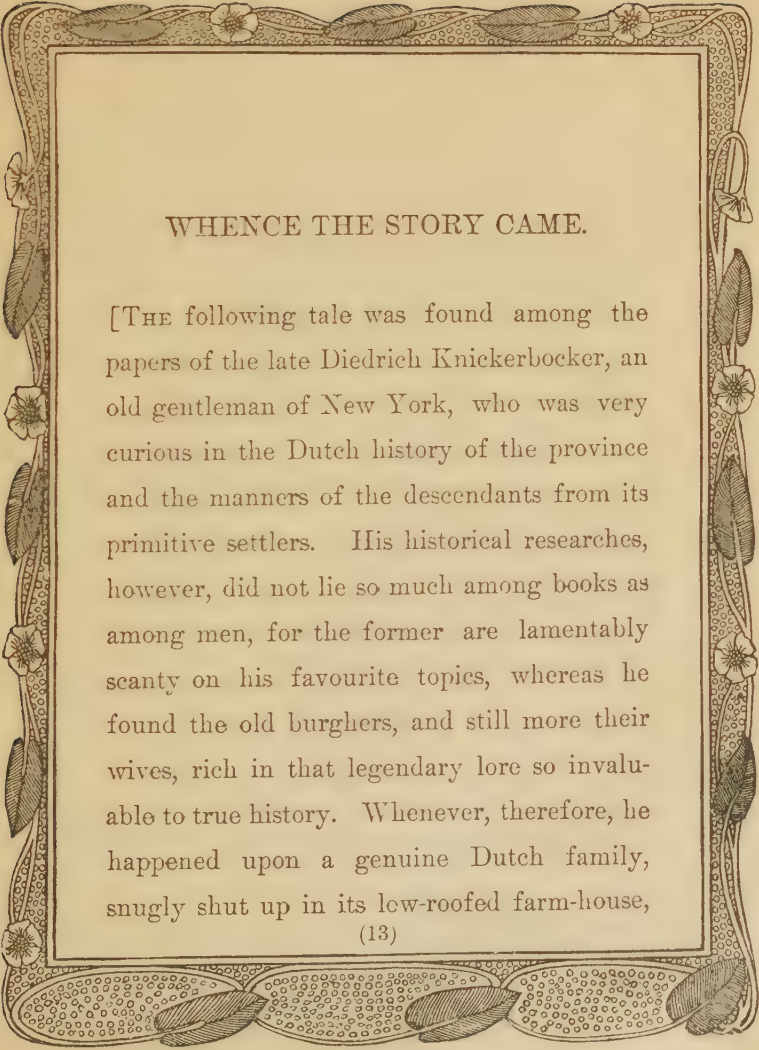
	Page
In the hands of the barber.....	124

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

A pleasing land of drowsy head.....	131
His schoolhouse	141
Ichabod Crane and his scholars.....	145
A child on one knee.....	149
Balt would sit smoking.....	173
Ichabod would carry on his suit.....	175
The goblin	191
His partner in the dance.....	197
Something huge, misshapen, black and towering	213



“—where the blue tints of the upland melt
away into the fresh green of the nearer land-
scape.”



WHENCE THE STORY CAME.

[THE following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men, for the former are lamentably scanty on his favourite topics, whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farm-house,

under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed, was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established: and it is now admitted into all historical collections as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work; and now that he is dead and gone it cannot do much harm to his

memory to say that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labours. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbours, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having, particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their New-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal or a Queen Anne's farthing. |



RIP VAN WINKLE



A POSTHUMOUS WRITING BY DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wenesday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre. CARTWRIGHT.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding

country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue

tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant; (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle.

He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obse-



quious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.



The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clamoring on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.



The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons.



He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences: the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them.



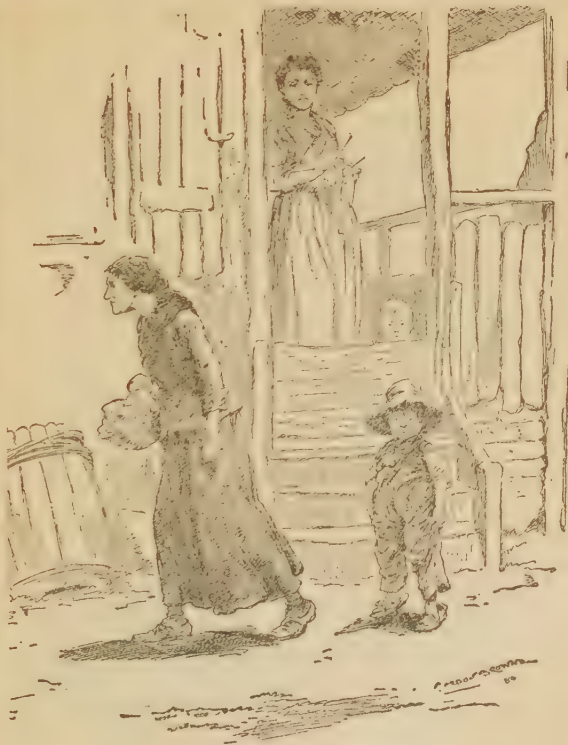
In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm: it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would

either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his field than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his paternal estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

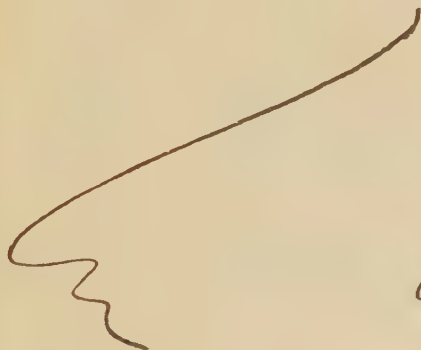
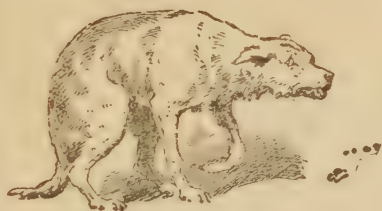
Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment;



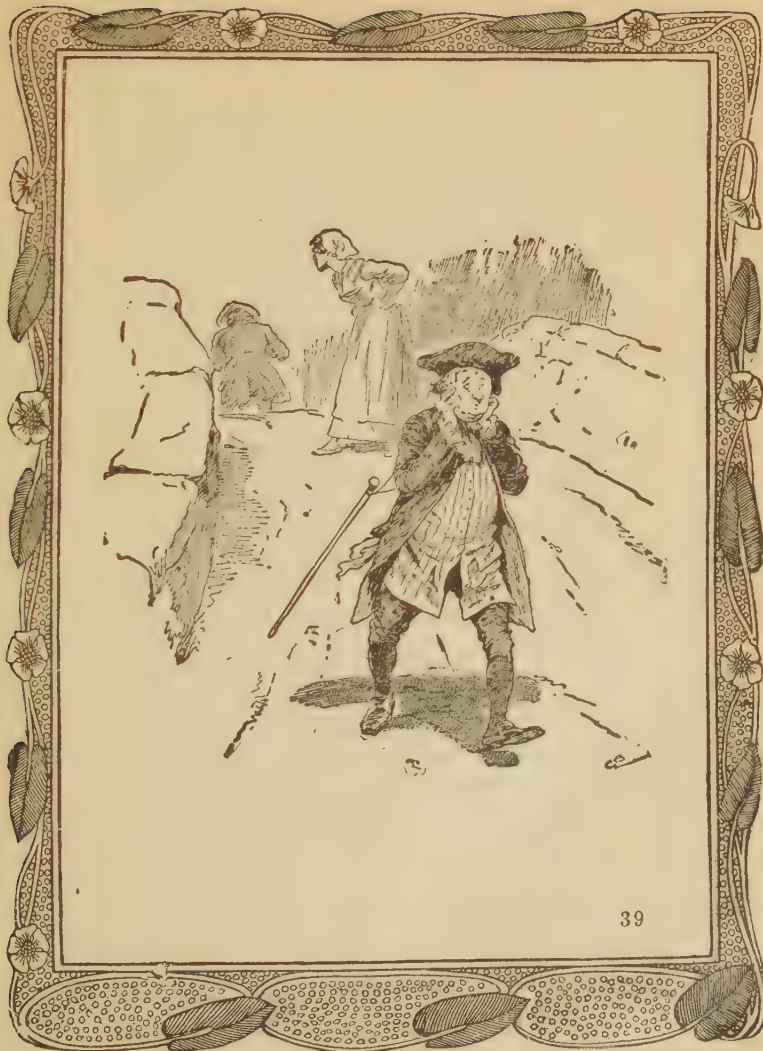
but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that by frequent use had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.



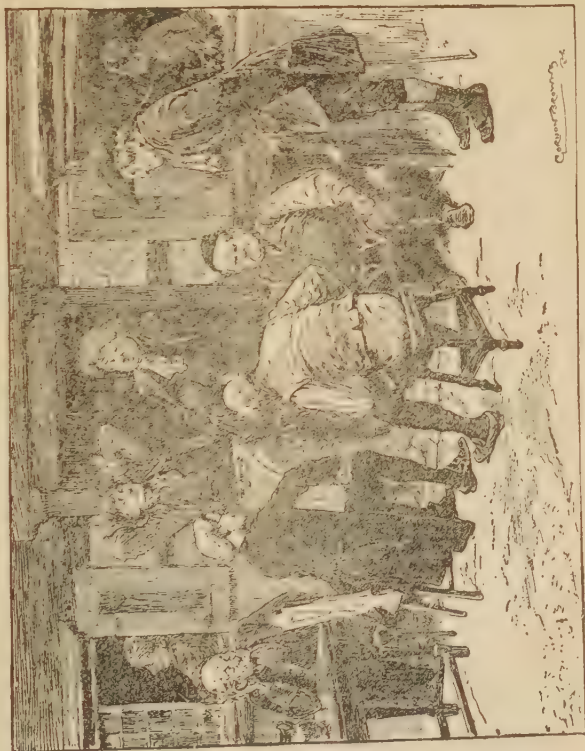
Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallops air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.



Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.



For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller.



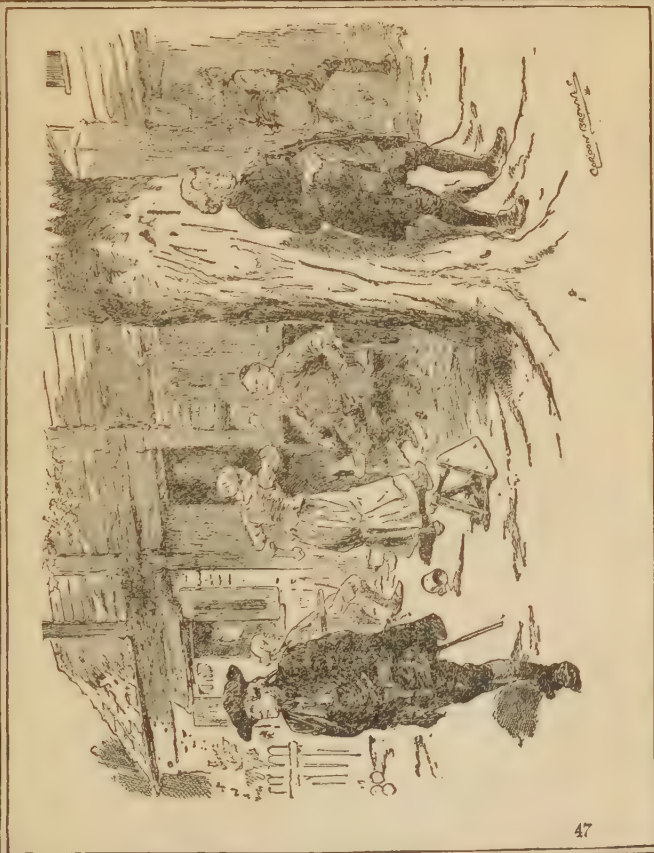
How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place. The opinions of this junto were com-

pletely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial.

It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.



From even this strong-hold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.



Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it: but never mind, my lad, whilst I live, thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee !" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.



In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice.



From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene: evening

was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle!

Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction,



and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that



seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.



As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers, which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole

time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

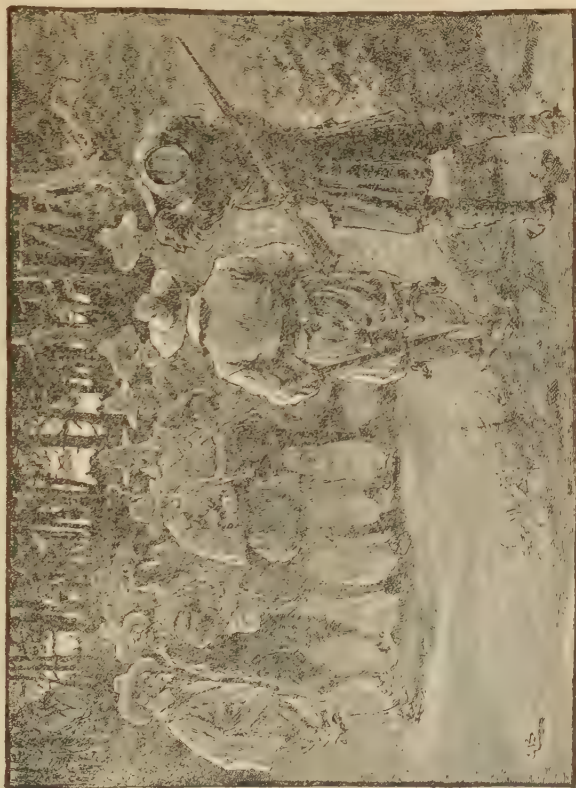
On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's.

Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red-cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.



What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were withal the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together.



His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands.



He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught.



One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.



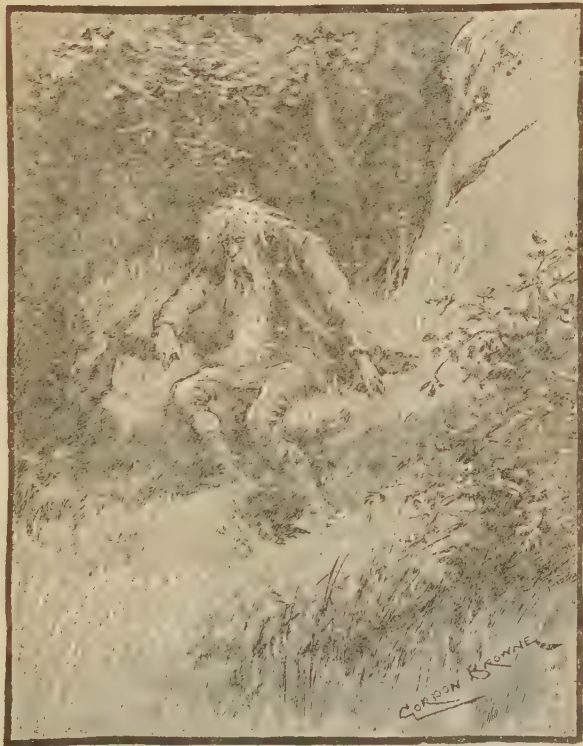
On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip. “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at nine-pins—the flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip,—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun; but, in place

of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared; but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As

he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."



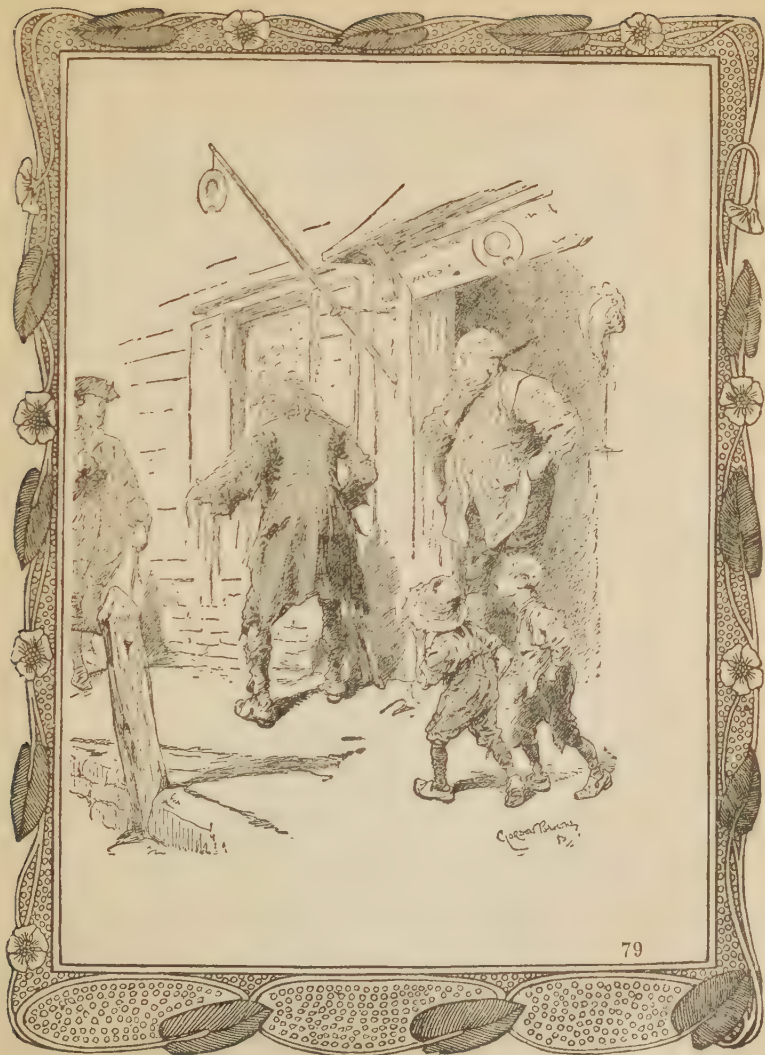
CORPON BRONNE

With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumb-

ling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!



He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before! There stood the Kaatskill Moun-

tains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he loudly called for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

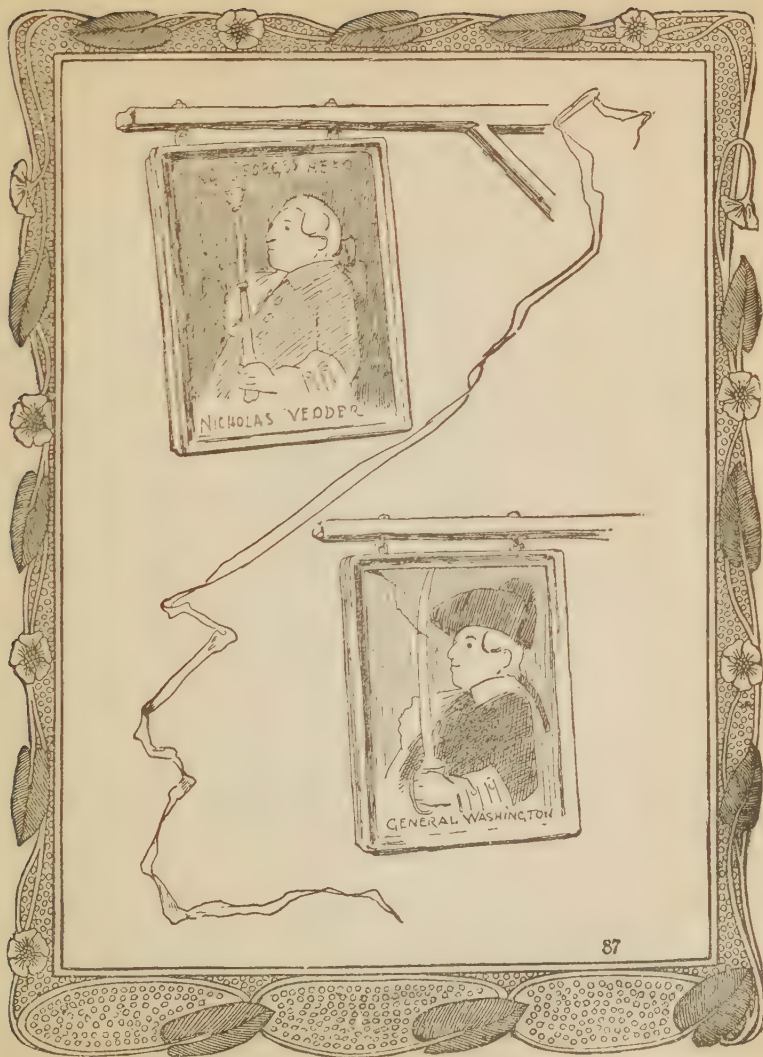


He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.”

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity.



He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's-hill—heroes of 'Seventy-six—and other words which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.



The appearance of Rip with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?"



Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king,

God bless him!" Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too!"



“Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

“Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony-Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony’s Nose. I don’t know—he never came back again.”

“Where’s Van Bummel, the school-master?”

“He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.”

Rip’s heart died away at hearing of these



sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony-Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three; "Oh, to be sure; that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man.



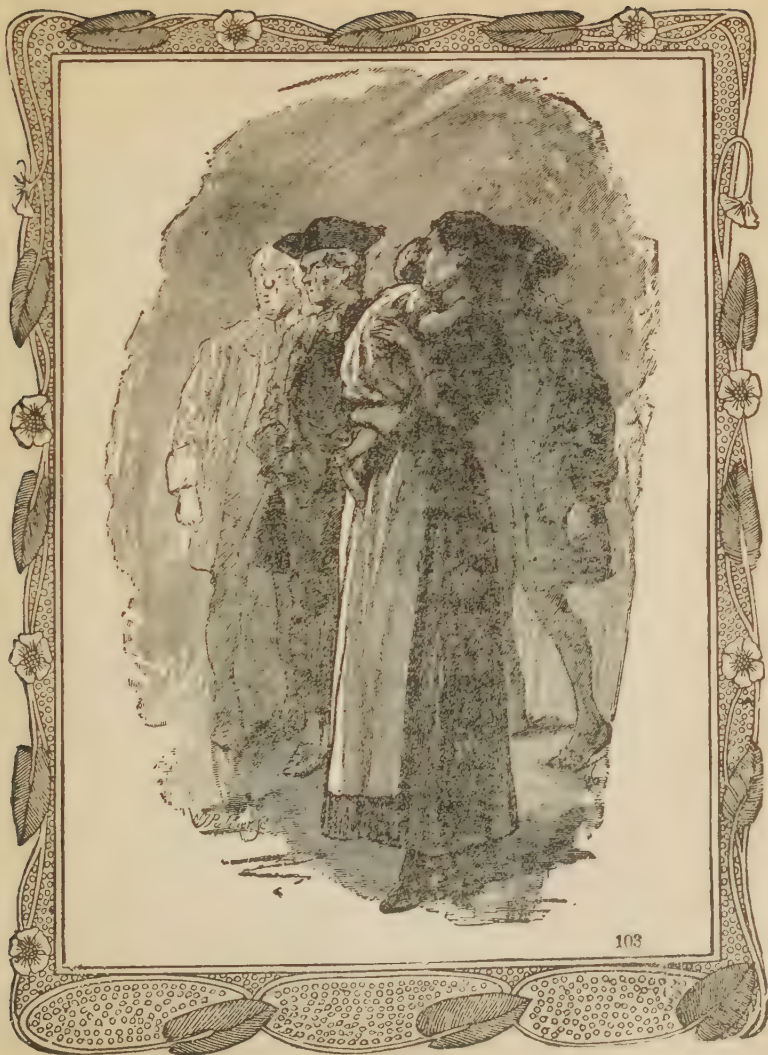
In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

“God knows,” exclaimed he, at his wit’s end; “I’m not myself—I’m somebody else—that’s me yonder—no—that’s somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they’ve changed my gun, and everything’s changed, and I’m changed, and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am!”

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper also about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with



some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she, "hush, you little fool! the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.



"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:—

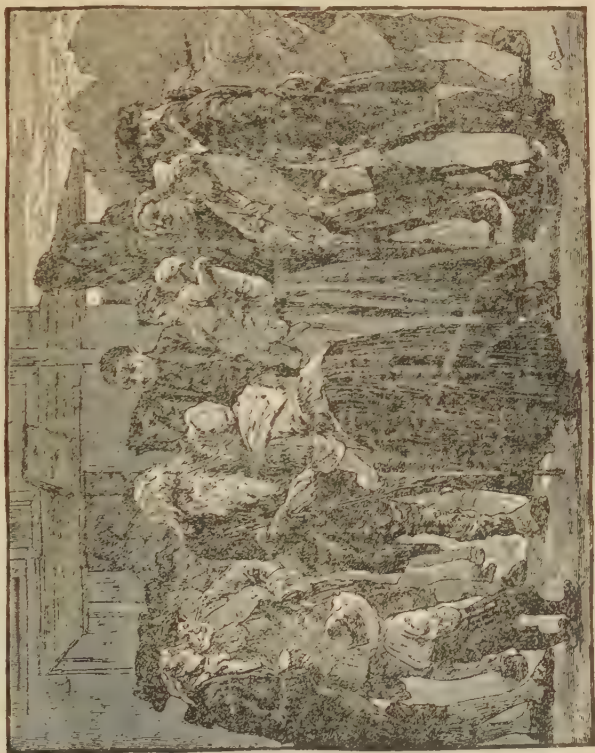
"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar."



There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!"—cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"



Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road.



He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great

Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.



Fip now resumed his old walks and habits;
he soon found many of his former cronies,
though all rather the worse for the wear and
tear of time;



and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.



Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange

events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him;

but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

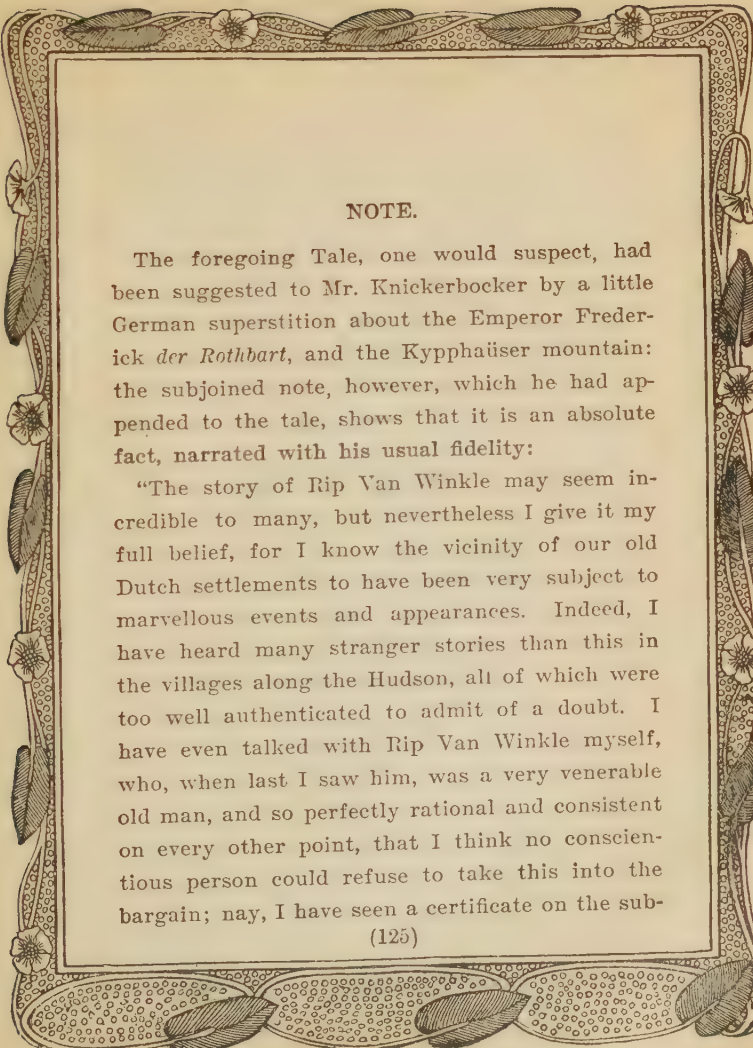


He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish



of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.





NOTE.

The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphaüser mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the sub-

ject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

D. K."

POSTSCRIPT.

The following are traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg or Catskill Mountains have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air, until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they

would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary

bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies, which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter, who had lost his way, penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

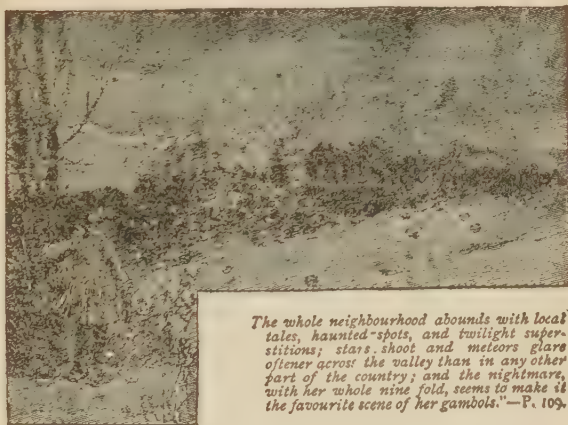
A decorative border surrounds the central text. It features a repeating pattern of stylized leaves and flowers. The top and bottom borders are wider and include a row of small circles. The left and right borders are narrower and feature larger, more detailed floral and leaf designs.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY
HOLLOW.

(129-130)

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE
DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.



The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted-spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country; and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols."—P. 109.

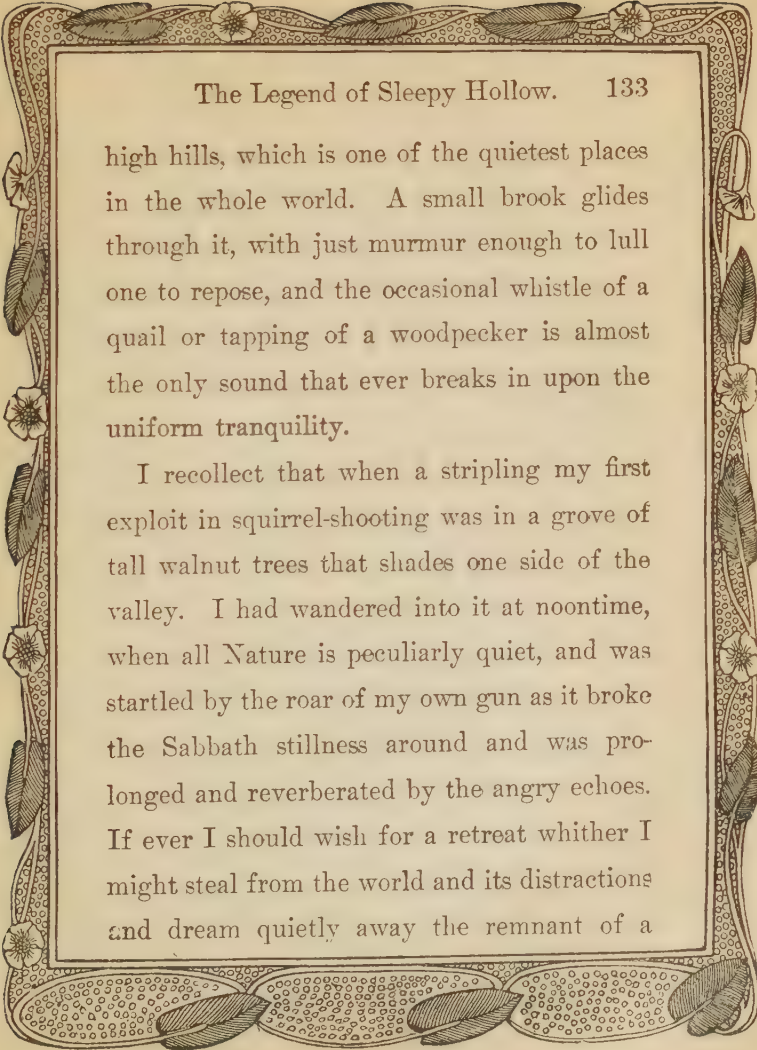
A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves
which indent the eastern shore of the Hud-

132 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

son, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port which by some is called Greensburg, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days by the good housewives of the adjacent country from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The top border has two large flowers and several leaves. The side borders also feature leaves and flowers. The bottom border consists of a series of oval shapes, each containing a pattern of small dots, with leaves interspersed between them.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 133

high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose, and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquility.

I recollect that when a stripling my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all Nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions and dream quietly away the remnant of a

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book design.

134 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still

continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with the whole ninefold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback

136 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country-folk hurrying along in the gloom of night as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which

he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air and

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of small circles and dots, with larger, detailed illustrations of leaves and flowers interspersed.

138 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud, for it is in such little retired Dutch valley, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I ques-

tion whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of Nature there abode, in a remote period of American history—that is to say, some thirty years since—a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, “tarried,” in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The leaves are elongated and pointed, while the flowers have multiple petals and a central stem. The entire border is rendered in a dark, textured style, possibly woodcut or linocut.

140 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snip nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of Famine descending upon the earth or some scarecrow eloped from a corn-field.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs, the windows partly glazed and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe



His school house was a low building of one large room.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. At the top, there are two flowers flanking a central leaf. The sides are decorated with a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers. The bottom features three large, oval-shaped decorative elements, each containing a pattern of small dots, with leaves interspersed between them.

142 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

twisted in the handle of the door and stakes set against the window-shutters, so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day like the hum of a bee-hive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master in the tone of menace or command, or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy

loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

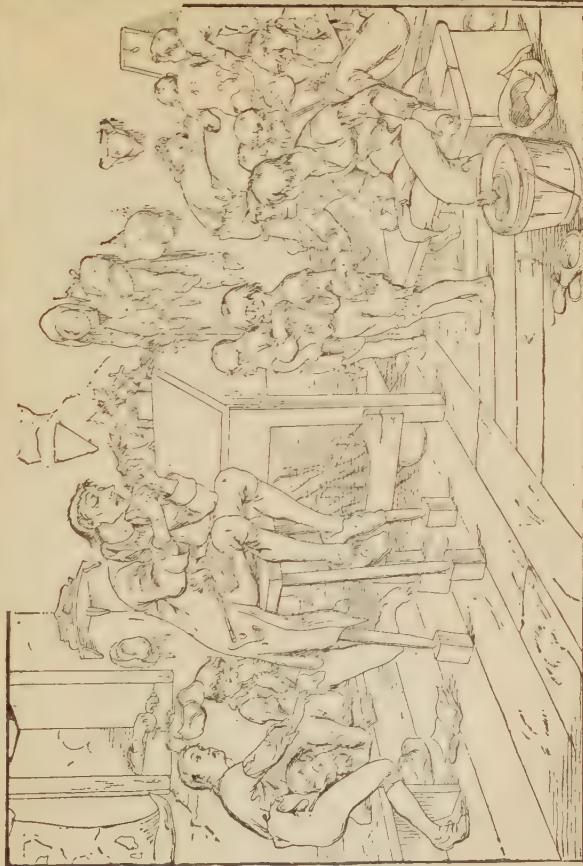
I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of small circles and dots, with larger, more detailed illustrations of leaves and flowers interspersed.

144 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school-hours were over he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys, and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home who happened to have pretty sisters or good housewives for mothers noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder,



Ichabod Crane and his scholars.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book design.

146 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the

cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays to take his station in front of the church-

gallery with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of



A child on one knee and rock a cradle with his foot.

150 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard between services on Sundays, gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or saunt-

ering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond, while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's *History of New England Witchcraft*, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appe-

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of late 19th or early 20th-century book design.

152 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

tite for the marvellous and his powers of digesting it were equally extraordinary, and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of Nature at that witching hour fluttered his excited imagination—the moan of

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book design.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 153

the whip-poor-will* from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow,

*The whip-poor-will is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.

154 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in

the air which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut, and would frighten them woe-fully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round and that they were half the time topsy-turvy.

But if there was a pleasure in all this while snugly cuddling in the chimney-corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, **no** spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed.

156 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book design.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 157

end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening in each week to receive his instructions in psalmody was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen, plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette as might be perceived even in her dress, which

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of late 19th-century book design.

158 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam, the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex, and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm, but within those everything was snug,

happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it, and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style, in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighboring brook that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring a repeating pattern of stylized feathers and small flowers. The border is composed of a series of interconnected loops and patterns, with larger feather motifs at the top and bottom, and smaller floral motifs on the sides.

160 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, conveying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 161

the barn-door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug mar-

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book design.

162 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

ried couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright Chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was

to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath, and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses with high-ridged but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed

164 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

down from the first Dutch settlers, the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use, and a great spinning-wheel at one end and a churn at the other showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn and strings of dried

apples and peaches hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various-colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless

daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such-like easily-conquered adversaries to contend with, and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass and walls of adamant to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments, and he had to encounter a host of fearful adver-

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 167

saries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade of the name of Abraham—or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom—Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great

168 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized flowers and leaves. The text is enclosed in a rectangular frame within this border.

knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights, and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic, but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness there was a strong dash of waggish good-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles around. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap surmounted with a

flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farm-houses at midnight with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks, and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and goodwill, and when any madeap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity always shook their heads and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of late 19th-century book design.

170 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and, though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire who felt no inclination to cross a line in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting—or, as it is termed, “sparking”—within, all other suitors passed by in despair and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition and a wiser

man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet the moment it was away, jerk, he was as erect and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master he made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddling interference of parents, which is so often

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger flowers at the corners and midpoints.

172 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would

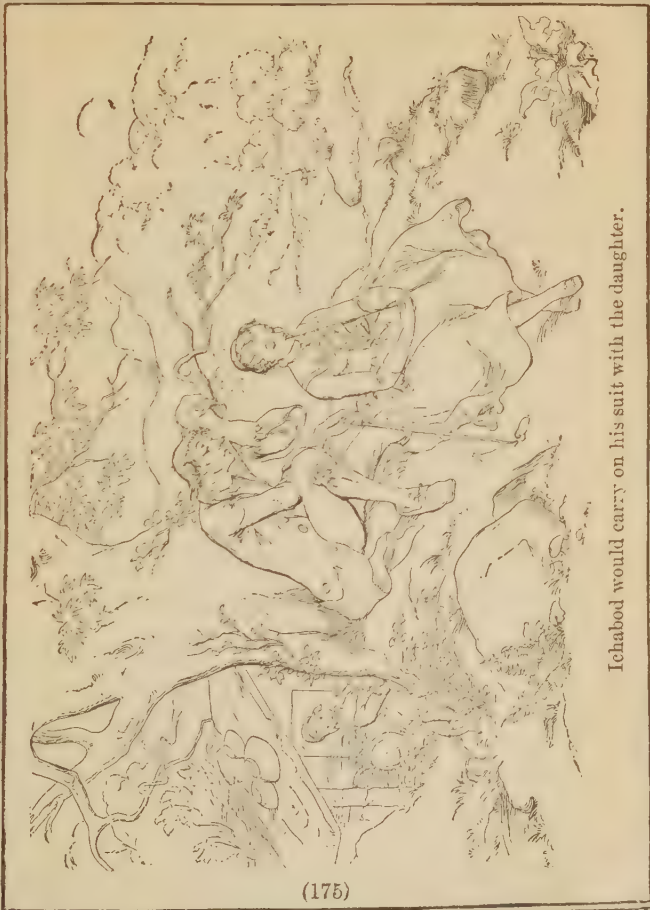


Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe.

174 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point or door of access, while others have a thousand avenues and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown, but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a



Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of a classic book's decorative frame.

176 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

hero Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him: he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would “double the school-

master up and lay him on a shelf of his own school-house;" and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left I'rom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But, what was still

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small circular motifs, with larger flowers interspersed along the top and sides.

178 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evildoers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and

prohibited weapons detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-

making or "quilting frolic" to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and, having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole

school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some ac-

182 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

count of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still, he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken down as he looked, there was

more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand like a sceptre; and as his horse jogged on the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to his horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shamled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an appari-

tion as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and Nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild-ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry

they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering black-birds, flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white under-clothes, screaming and chattering, bobbing and nodding and bowing, and pretending to be on-good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way his

eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly Autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples—some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat-fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-

jacks, well buttered and garnished with honey or treacle by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small circular motifs, with larger floral elements interspersed.

188 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country—old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps,

long-waisted shortgowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation; the sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil—a creaturc, like himself full of metal and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The top border has three flowers and several leaves. The left and right borders are continuous vertical strips with alternating leaves and flowers. The bottom border consists of three oval shapes, each filled with a pattern of small dots, separated by leaves.

190 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses with their luxurious display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oily koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 191

short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin



pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens;

192 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

together with bowls of milk and cream,—all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst. Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury

and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro who had been the itinerant orchestra of

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small circular motifs, with larger flowers interspersed.

194 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion and clattering about the room you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood,

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The top border has a central flower flanked by leaves. The side borders consist of a vertical line of leaves and flowers. The bottom border features a row of large, oval-shaped leaves.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 195

stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings, while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza gossiping over former times and drawing out long stories about the war.

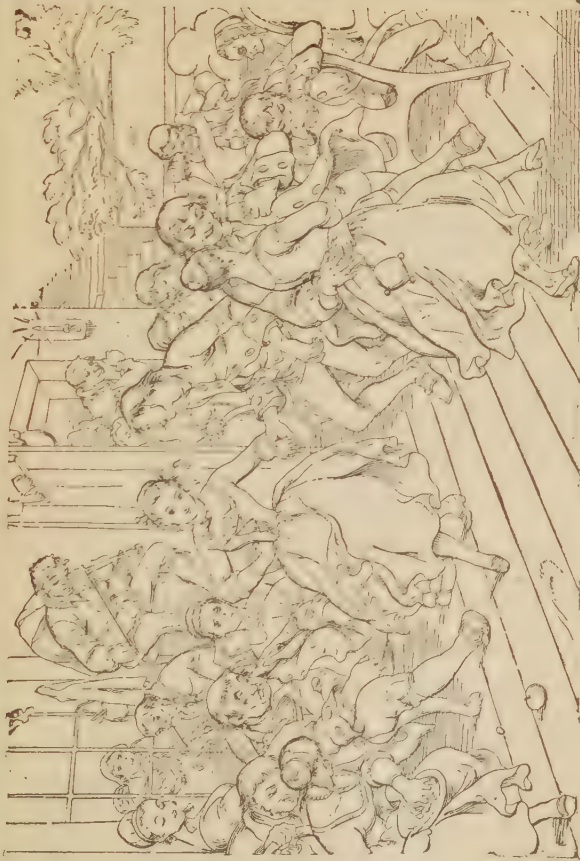
This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored

196 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger flowers at the corners and midpoints. The leaves are elongated and pointed, while the flowers have five petals and a central stamen. The border is drawn with fine lines and shading to give it a three-dimensional appearance.

places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had therefore been the scene of marauding and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and in the indistinctness of his recollection to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of Whiteplains,



The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance.

198 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade and glance off at the hilt: in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no en-

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of small circles and dots, with larger, detailed illustrations of leaves and flowers interspersed along the edges.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 199

couragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap and turn themselves in their graves before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the way the very air blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small circular motifs, with larger flowers interspersed along the sides and top.

200 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major Andre was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late patrolling the country, and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church

seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized flowers and leaves. The top border has three flowers and several leaves. The sides are decorated with alternating flowers and leaves. The bottom border consists of a row of leaves and a patterned band.

202 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

road that led to it and the bridge itself were thickly shaded by the overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a

thrice-marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing-Sing he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather,

204 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away, and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he

was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chop-fallen. Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty

206 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the oppositeshore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as

only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills; but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover,

208 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost-stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused and ceased whistling, but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan: his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of small circles and dots, with larger, detailed illustrations of leaves and flowers interspersed along the top, bottom, and sides.

210 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

marshy and thickly-wooded glen known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of

kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alderbushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod.

212 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

In the dark shadow of the grove on the margin of the brook he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpow-



He beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering.

214 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

der, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book design.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 215

hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and flowers, with a central floral motif at the top and bottom.

216 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation, he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip; but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow shaded by

trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got halfway through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave away and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain, and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was

hard on his haunches, and (unskilled rider that he was) he had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him;

he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found, without his saddle and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his

220 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast; dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half, two stocks for the neck, a pair or two of worsted stockings, an old pair of corduroy small-clothes, a rusty razor, a book of psalm tunes full of dog's ears, and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's *History of Witchcraft*, a *New England Almanac*, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger, more detailed floral motifs interspersed. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book design.

222 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed—and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before—he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others were called to mind, and when they had diligently considered them

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, with larger flowers interspersed. The leaves are elongated and pointed, while the flowers have five petals. The border is drawn in a simple, elegant style.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 223

all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him, the school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heir-

224 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

ess; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring stylized leaves and flowers. The top border has two large flowers and several leaves. The side borders are composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers. The bottom border features a series of large, oval-shaped leaves.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 225

supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The schoolhouse, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plough-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.



POSTSCRIPT,

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKER-
BOCKER.

THE preceding tale is given almost in the
precise words in which I heard it related at a
(226)

Corporation meeting of the ancient city of Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sages and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face, and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor, he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout, now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your

228 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

wary men, who never laugh but upon good grounds—when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and sticking the other akimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story and what it went to prove.

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove—

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. 229

"That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures—provided we will but take a joke as we find it;

"That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it.

"Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress is a certain step to high preferment in the state."

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows ten-fold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism, while methought the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant—there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

230 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

“Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “as to that matter, I don’t believe one-half of it myself.”

D. K.



ALTEMUS BOOKS

The Best and Least Expensive Books
for Twentieth Century Boys and Girls

BOOKS FOR BOYS

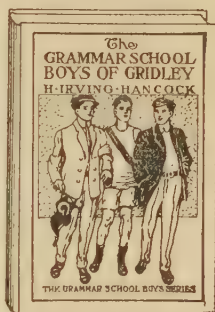
THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOYS SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

Dick Prescott, Dan Dalzell, Tom Reade, and the other members of Dick & Co. are always found in the forefront of things—in scholarship, athletics, and in school-boy fun. Small wonder that this series has made such a hit with the boys of America.

1. THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOYS OF GRIDLEY; or, Dick and Co. Start Things Moving.
2. THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOYS SNOW-BOUND; or, Dick and Co. at Winter Sports.
3. THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOYS IN THE WOODS; or, Dick and Co. Trail Fun and Knowledge.
4. THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOYS IN SUMMER ATHLETICS; or, Dick and Co. Make Their Fame Secure.



THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

This series of stories, based on the actual doings of High School boys, teems with incidents in athletics and school-boy fun. The real Americanism of Dick Prescott and his chums will excite the admiration of every reader.

1. THE HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMEN; or, Dick and Co.'s First Year Pranks and Sports.
2. THE HIGH SCHOOL PITCHER; or, Dick and Co. on the Gridley Diamond.
3. THE HIGH SCHOOL LEFT END; or, Dick and Co. Grilling on the Football Gridiron.
4. THE HIGH SCHOOL CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM; or, Dick and Co. Leading the Athletic Vanguard.

Sold by all Booksellers or Sent Postpaid on Receipt of Price.

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

1326-1336 Vine Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS VACATION SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH



Outdoor sports are the keynote of these volumes. Boys will alternately thrill and chuckle over these splendid narratives of the further adventures of Dick Prescott and his chums.

1. THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' CANOE CLUB; or, Dick and Co.'s Rivals on Lake Pleasant.
2. THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS IN SUMMER CAMP; or, The Dick Prescott Six Training for the Gridley Eleven.
3. THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' FISHING TRIP; or, Dick and Co. in the Wilderness.
4. THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' TRAINING HIKE; or, Dick and Co. Making Themselves "Hard as Nails."

THE YOUNG ENGINEERS SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

Tom Reade and Harry Hazelton meet every requirement as young civil engineers with pick, shovel, and pluck, and with resourcefulness and determination overcome all obstacles.

1. THE YOUNG ENGINEERS IN COLORADO; or, At Railroad Building in Earnest.
2. THE YOUNG ENGINEERS IN ARIZONA; or, Laying Tracks on the "Man-Killer" Quicksand.
3. THE YOUNG ENGINEERS IN NEVADA; or, Seeking Fortune on the Turn of a Pick.
4. THE YOUNG ENGINEERS IN MEXICO; or, Fighting the Mine Swindlers.
5. THE YOUNG ENGINEERS ON THE GULF; or, The Dread Mystery of the Million-Dollar Breakwater.

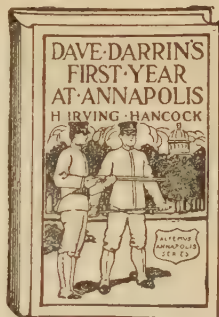
THE ANNAPOLIS SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

Dave Darrin and Dan Dalzell proved their mettle at the U. S. Naval Academy and gave promise of what might be expected of them in the great war that was even at that moment hovering over the world.

1. DAVE DARRIN'S FIRST YEAR AT ANNAPOLIS; or, Two Plebe Midshipmen at the U. S. Naval Academy.
2. DAVE DARRIN'S SECOND YEAR AT ANNAPOLIS; or, Two Midshipmen as Naval Academy "Youngsters."
3. DAVE DARRIN'S THIRD YEAR AT ANNAPOLIS; or, Leaders of the Second Class Midshipmen.
4. DAVE DARRIN'S FOURTH YEAR AT ANNAPOLIS; or, Headed for Graduation and the Big Cruise.



THE WEST POINT SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

Dick Prescott and Greg Holmes are not human wonders, but a pair of average bright American boys who had a hard enough time working their way through West Point. Their experiences will inspire all other American boys.

1. DICK PRESCOTT'S FIRST YEAR AT WEST POINT; or, Two Chums in the Cadet Gray.
2. DICK PRESCOTT'S SECOND YEAR AT WEST POINT; or, Finding the Glory of the Soldier's Life.
3. DICK PRESCOTT'S THIRD YEAR AT WEST POINT; or, Standing Firm for Flag and Honor.
4. DICK PRESCOTT'S FOURTH YEAR AT WEST POINT; or, Ready to Drop the Gray for Shoulder Straps.

THE BATTLESHIP BOYS SERIES

By FRANK GEE PATCHIN

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH



Inspiring adventure, moving incidents over the seven seas, and in the air above them; fighting the Huns from the decks of sinking ships, and coming to grief above the clouds; strange peoples and still stranger experiences, are some of the things that the readers of this series will live when they cruise with Dan Davis and Sam Hickey. Mr. Patchin has lived every phase of the life he writes about, and his stories truly depict life in the various branches of the navy—stories that glow with the spirit of patriotism that has made the American navy what it proved itself to be in the world war.

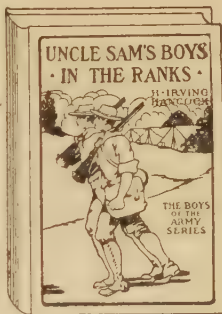
1. THE BATTLESHIP BOYS AT SEA; or, Two Apprentices in Uncle Sam's Navy.
2. THE BATTLESHIP BOYS' FIRST STEP UPWARD; or, Winning Their Grades as Petty Officers.
3. THE BATTLESHIP BOYS IN FOREIGN SERVICE; or, Earning New Ratings in European Seas.
4. THE BATTLESHIP BOYS IN THE TROPICS; or, Upholding the American Flag in a Honduras Revolution.
5. THE BATTLESHIP BOYS UNDER FIRE; or, The Dash for the Besieged Kam Shau Mission.
6. THE BATTLESHIP BOYS IN THE WARDROOM; or, Winning Their Commissions as Line Officers.
7. THE BATTLESHIP BOYS WITH THE ADRIATIC CHASERS; or, Blocking the Path of the Undersea Raiders.
8. THE BATTLESHIP BOYS ON SKY PATROL; or, Fighting the Hun from Above the Clouds.

THE BOYS OF THE ARMY SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

These stimulating stories are among the best of their class that have ever been written. They breathe the life and spirit of our army of today, and in which Uncle Sam's Boys fought with a courage and devotion excelled by none in the world war. There is no better way to instil patriotism in the coming generation than by placing in the hands of juvenile readers books in which a romantic atmosphere is thrown around the boys of the army with thrilling plots that boys love. The books of this series tell in story form the life of a soldier from the rookie stage until he has qualified for an officer's commission, and, among other things, present a true picture of the desperate days in fighting the Huns.

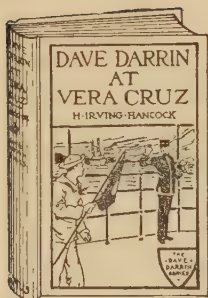


1. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS IN THE RANKS; or, Two Recruits in the United States Army.
2. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS ON FIELD DUTY; or, Winning Corporals' Chevrons.
3. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS AS SERGEANTS; or, Handling Their First Real Commands.
4. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS IN THE PHILIPPINES; or, Following the Flag Against the Moros.
5. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS ON THEIR METTLE; or, A Chance to Win Officers' Commissions.
6. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS AS LIEUTENANTS; or, Serving Old Glory as Line Officers.
7. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS WITH PERSHING; or, Dick Prescott at Grips with the Boche.
8. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS SMASH THE GERMANS; or, Helping the Allies Wind Up the Great World War.

DAVE DARRIN SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH



No more efficient officers ever paced the deck of a man-o'-war than Dave Darrin and Dan Dalzell. The last two volumes chronicle the experiences of Dave and Dan in the great war.

1. DAVE DARRIN AT VERA CRUZ; or, Fighting With the U. S. Navy in Mexico.
2. DAVE DARRIN ON MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE; or, With Dan Dalzell on European Duty.
3. DAVE DARRIN'S SOUTH AMERICAN CRUISE; or, Two Innocent Young Naval Tools of an Infamous Conspiracy.
4. DAVE DARRIN ON THE ASIATIC STATION; or, Winning Lieutenants' Commissions on the Admiral's Flagship.
5. DAVE DARRIN AND THE GERMAN SUBMARINES; or, Making a Clean-up of the Hun Sea Monsters.
6. DAVE DARRIN AFTER THE MINE LAYERS; or, Hitting the Enemy a Hard Naval Blow.

THE CONQUEST OF THE UNITED STATES SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

If the United States had not entered the war many things might have happened to America. No liberty-loving American boy can afford to miss reading these books.

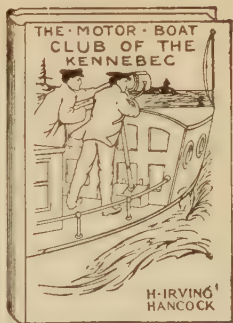
1. THE INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES; or, Uncle Sam's Boys at the Capture of Boston.
2. IN THE BATTLE FOR NEW YORK; or, Uncle Sam's Boys in the Desperate Struggle for the Metropolis.
3. AT THE DEFENSE OF PITTSBURGH; or, The Struggle to Save America's "Fighting Steel" Supply.
4. MAKING THE LAST STAND FOR OLD GLORY; or, Uncle Sam's Boys in the Last Frantic Drive.

THE MOTOR BOAT CLUB SERIES

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

Bright and sparkling as the waters over which the Motor Boat Boys sail. Once cast off for a cruise with these hardy young fresh-water navigators the reader will not ask to be "put ashore" until the home port has finally been made. Manliness and pluck are reflected on every page; the plots are ingenious, the action swift, and the interest always tense. There is neither a yawn in a paragraph nor a dull moment in a chapter in this stirring series. No boy or girl will willingly lay down a volume of it until "the end." The stories also embody much useful information about the operation and handling of small power boats.

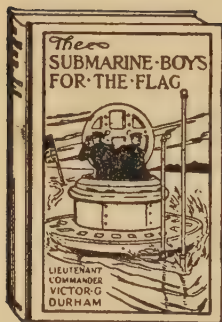


1. THE MOTOR BOAT CLUB OF THE KENNEBEC; or, The Secret of Smugglers' Island.
2. THE MOTOR BOAT CLUB AT NANTUCKET; or, The Mystery of the Dunstan Heir.
3. THE MOTOR BOAT CLUB OFF LONG ISLAND; or, A Daring Marine Game at Racing Speed.
4. THE MOTOR BOAT CLUB AND THE WIRELESS; or, The Dot, Dash and Dare Cruise.
5. THE MOTOR BOAT CLUB IN FLORIDA; or, Laying the Ghost of Alligator Swamp.
6. THE MOTOR BOAT CLUB AT THE GOLDEN GATE; or, A Thrilling Capture in the Great Fog.
7. THE MOTOR BOAT CLUB ON THE GREAT LAKES; or, The Flying Dutchman of the Big Fresh Water.

THE SUBMARINE BOYS SERIES

By VICTOR G. DURHAM

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH



A voyage in an undersea boat! What boy has not done so time and again in his youthful dreams? The Submarine Boys did it in reality, diving into the dark depths of the sea, then, like Father Neptune, rising dripping from the deep to sunlight and safety. Yet it was not all easy sailing for the Submarine Boys, for these hardy young "undersea pirates" experienced a full measure of excitement and had their share of thrills, as all who sail under the surface of the seas are certain to do. The author

knows undersea boats, and the reader who voyages with him may look forward to an instructive as well as lively cruise.

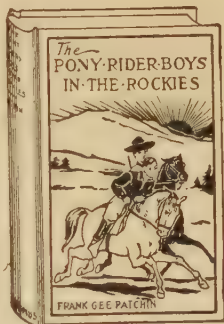
1. THE SUBMARINE BOYS ON DUTY; or, Life on a Diving Torpedo Boat.
2. THE SUBMARINE BOYS' TRIAL TRIP; or, "Making Good" as Young Experts.
3. THE SUBMARINE BOYS AND THE MIDDIES; or, The Prize Detail at Annapolis.
4. THE SUBMARINE BOYS AND THE SPIES; or, Dodging the Sharks of the Deep.
5. THE SUBMARINE BOYS' LIGHTNING CRUISE; or, The Young Kings of the Deep.
6. THE SUBMARINE BOYS FOR THE FLAG; or, Deeding Their Lives to Uncle Sam.
7. THE SUBMARINE BOYS AND THE SMUGGLERS; or, Breaking Up the New Jersey Customs Frauds.
8. THE SUBMARINE BOYS' SECRET MISSION; or, Beating an Ambassador's Game.

THE PONY RIDER BOYS SERIES

By FRANK GEE PATCHIN

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

This unusual and popular series tells vividly the story of four adventure-loving lads, who, with their guardian, spent their summer vacations in the saddle in search of recreation and healthful adventure, though for a time it seemed to them that nature and man had conspired to defeat them at every turn. Long journeys over mountain, through the fastness of primitive forest and across burning desert, lead them into the wild places of their native land as well as into many strange and exciting experiences. There is not a dull moment in the series for the Pony Rider Boys nor for those who read of their summer wanderings.

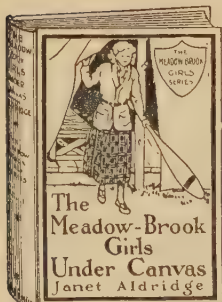


1. THE PONY RIDER BOYS IN THE ROCKIES; or, The Secret of the Lost Claim.
2. THE PONY RIDER BOYS IN TEXAS; or, The Veiled Riddle of the Plains.
3. THE PONY RIDER BOYS IN MONTANA; or, The Mystery of the Old Custer Trail.
4. THE PONY RIDER BOYS IN THE OZARKS; or, The Secret of Ruby Mountain.
5. THE PONY RIDER BOYS IN THE ALKALI; or, Finding a Key to the Desert Maze.
6. THE PONY RIDER BOYS IN NEW MEXICO; or, The End of the Silver Trail.
7. THE PONY RIDER BOYS IN THE GRAND CANYON; or, The Mystery of Bright Angel Gulch.
8. THE PONY RIDER BOYS WITH THE TEXAS RANGERS; or, On the Trail of the Border Bandits.

THE MEADOW-BROOK GIRLS SERIES

By JANET ALDRIDGE

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH



Four clever girls go hiking around the country and meet with many thrilling and provoking adventures. These stories pulsate with the atmosphere of outdoor life.

1. THE MEADOW-BROOK GIRLS UNDER CANVAS; or, Fun and Frolic in the Summer Camp.
2. THE MEADOW-BROOK GIRLS ACROSS COUNTRY; or, The Young Pathfinders on a Summer Hike.
3. THE MEADOW-BROOK GIRLS AFLOAT; or, The Stormy Cruise of the Red Rover.
4. THE MEADOW-BROOK GIRLS IN THE HILLS; or, The Missing Pilot of the White Mountains.
5. THE MEADOW-BROOK GIRLS BY THE SEA; or, The Loss of the Lonesome Bar.
6. THE MEADOW-BROOK GIRLS ON THE TENNIS COURTS; or, Winning Out in the Big Tournament.

THE AUTOMOBILE GIRLS SERIES

By LAURA DENT CRANE

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

Girls as well as boys love wholesome adventure, a wealth of which is found in many forms and in many scenes in the volumes of this series.

1. THE AUTOMOBILE GIRLS AT NEWPORT; or, Watching the Summer Parade.
2. THE AUTOMOBILE GIRLS IN THE BERKSHIRES; or, The Ghost of Lost Man's Trail.
3. THE AUTOMOBILE GIRLS ALONG THE HUDSON; or, Fighting Fire in Sleepy Hollow.
4. THE AUTOMOBILE GIRLS AT CHICAGO; or, Winning Out Against Heavy Odds.
5. THE AUTOMOBILE GIRLS AT PALM BEACH; or, Proving Their Mettle Under Southern Skies.
6. THE AUTOMOBILE GIRLS AT WASHINGTON; or, Checkmating the Plots of Foreign Spies.

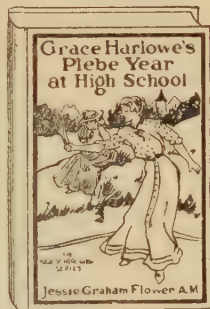
THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS SERIES

By JESSIE GRAHAM FLOWER, A. M.

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

The scenes, episodes, and adventures through which Grace Harlowe and her intimate chums pass in the course of these stories are pictured with a vivacity that at once takes the young feminine captive.

1. GRACE HARLOWE'S PLEBE YEAR AT HIGH SCHOOL; or, The Merry Doings of the Oakdale Freshmen Girls.
2. GRACE HARLOWE'S SOPHOMORE YEAR AT HIGH SCHOOL; or, The Record of the Girl Chums in Work and Athletics.
3. GRACE HARLOWE'S JUNIOR YEAR AT HIGH SCHOOL; or, Fast Friends in the Sororities.
4. GRACE HARLOWE'S SENIOR YEAR AT HIGH SCHOOL; or, The Parting of the Ways.



THE COLLEGE GIRLS SERIES

By JESSIE GRAHAM FLOWER, A. M.

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

Every school and college girl will recognize that the account of Grace Harlowe's experiences at Overton College is true to life.

1. GRACE HARLOWE'S FIRST YEAR AT OVERTON COLLEGE.
2. GRACE HARLOWE'S SECOND YEAR AT OVERTON COLLEGE.
3. GRACE HARLOWE'S THIRD YEAR AT OVERTON COLLEGE.
4. GRACE HARLOWE'S FOURTH YEAR AT OVERTON COLLEGE.
5. GRACE HARLOWE'S RETURN TO OVERTON CAMPUS.
6. GRACE HARLOWE'S PROBLEM.
7. GRACE HARLOWE'S GOLDEN SUMMER.

THE GRACE HARLOWE OVERSEAS SERIES

By JESSIE GRAHAM FLOWER, A. M.

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH



Grace Harlowe went with the Overton College Red Cross Unit to France, there to serve her country by aiding the American fighting forces. These books will interest every girl reader because they describe the great war from a girl's point of view.

1. GRACE HARLOWE OVERSEAS.
2. GRACE HARLOWE WITH THE RED CROSS IN FRANCE.
3. GRACE HARLOWE WITH THE MARINES AT CHATEAU THIERRY.
4. GRACE HARLOWE WITH THE U. S. TROOPS IN THE ARGONNE.
5. GRACE HARLOWE WITH THE YANKEE SHOCK BOYS AT ST. QUENTIN.
6. GRACE HARLOWE WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY ON THE RHINE.

THE GRACE HARLOWE OVERLAND RIDERS SERIES

By JESSIE GRAHAM FLOWER, A. M.

PRICE, \$1.00 EACH

Grace Harlowe and her friends of the Overton College Unit seek adventure on the mountain trails and in the wilder sections of their homeland, after their return from service in France. These are stories of real girls for real girls.

1. GRACE HARLOWE'S OVERLAND RIDERS ON THE OLD APACHE TRAIL.
2. GRACE HARLOWE'S OVERLAND RIDERS ON THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.
3. GRACE HARLOWE'S OVERLAND RIDERS AMONG THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEERS.
4. GRACE HARLOWE'S OVERLAND RIDERS IN THE GREAT NORTH WOODS.
5. GRACE HARLOWE'S OVERLAND RIDERS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS.
6. GRACE HARLOWE'S OVERLAND RIDERS IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.
7. GRACE HARLOWE'S OVERLAND RIDERS IN THE BLACK HILLS.
8. GRACE HARLOWE'S OVERLAND RIDERS AT CIRCLE O RANCH.

WEE BOOKS FOR WEE FOLKS

For little hands to fondle and for mother to read aloud.
Every ounce of them will give a ton of joy.

WEE BOOKS FOR WEE FOLKS SERIES

1. MOTHER GOOSE NURSERY TALES.
2. MOTHER GOOSE NURSERY RHYMES.
3. A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. Robert Louis Stevenson.
4. THE FOOLISH FOX.
5. THREE LITTLE PIGS.
6. THE ROBBER KITTEN.
7. LITTLE BLACK SAMBO.
8. THE LITTLE SMALL RED HEN.
9. THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.
10. THE LITTLE WISE CHICKEN THAT KNEW IT ALL.
11. PIFFLE'S A B C BOOK OF FUNNY ANIMALS.
12. THE FOUR LITTLE PIGS THAT DIDN'T HAVE ANY MOTHER.
13. THE LITTLE PUPPY THAT WANTED TO KNOW TOO MUCH.
14. THE COCK. THE MOUSE AND THE LITTLE RED HEN.
15. GRUNTY GRUNTS AND SMILEY SMILE—INDOORS.
16. GRUNTY GRUNTS AND SMILEY SMILE—OUTDOORS.
17. I DON'T WANT TO WEAR COATS AND THINGS.
18. I DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED.



WEE FOLKS BIBLE STORIES SERIES

1. WEE FOLKS STORIES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. In Words of One Syllable.
2. WEE FOLKS STORIES FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT. In Words of One Syllable.
3. WEE FOLKS LIFE OF CHRIST.
4. WEE FOLKS BIBLE A B C BOOK.
5. LITTLE PRAYERS FOR LITTLE LIPS.

THE WISH FAIRY SERIES

1. THE LONG AGO YEARS STORIES.
2. THE WISH FAIRY OF THE SUNSHINE AND SHADOW FOREST.
3. THE WISH FAIRY AND DEWY DEAR.
4. THE MUD WUMPS OF THE SUNSHINE AND SHADOW FOREST.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS.

PRICE, 50c. EACH

WEE FOLKS PETER RABBIT SERIES



1. THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT.
2. HOW PETER RABBIT WENT TO SEA.
3. PETER RABBIT AT THE FARM.
4. PETER RABBIT'S CHRISTMAS.
5. PETER RABBIT'S EASTER.
6. WHEN PETER RABBIT WENT TO SCHOOL.
7. PETER RABBIT'S BIRTHDAY.
8. PETER RABBIT GOES A-VISITING.
9. PETER RABBIT AND JACK-THE-JUMPER.
10. PETER RABBIT, JACK-THE-JUMPER AND THE LITTLE BOY.
11. PETER RABBIT, JACK-THE-JUMPER AND LITTLE WHITE RABBIT.
12. PETER RABBIT, JACK-THE-JUMPER AND THE OLD WITCH WOMAN.
13. PETER RABBIT, JACK-THE-JUMPER AND THE TINYBITS.
14. WHEN PETER RABBIT WENT A-FISHING.
15. OLD MOTHER RABBIT AND THE BIG BROWN BEAR.

WEE FOLKS CINDERELLA SERIES

1. THE WONDERFUL STORY OF CINDERELLA.
2. THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.
3. THE OLDTIME STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.
4. THE OLD, OLD STORY OF POOR COCK ROBIN.
5. CHICKEN LITTLE.
6. PUSS IN BOOTS.
7. THREE LITTLE KITTENS THAT LOST THEIR MITTENS.
8. JACK THE GIANT KILLER.
9. JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.
10. TOM THUMB.

LITTLE BUNNIE BUNNIEKIN SERIES

1. LITTLE BUNNIE BUNNIEKIN.
2. LITTLE LAMBIE LAMBKIN.
3. LITTLE MOUSIE MOUSIEKIN.
4. LITTLE DEARIE DEER.
5. LITTLE SQUIRRELIE SQUIRRELIEKIN.
5. OLD RED REYNARD THE FOX.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS.

PRICE, 50c. EACH

ALTEMUS' NEW ILLUSTRATED YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIBRARY

A series of choice literature for children, selected from the best and most popular works. Printed on fine paper from large type, with numerous illustrations in color and black and white, by the most famous artists, making the most attractive series of juvenile classics before the public.



Fine English Cloth, Handsome New Original Designs
PRICE, 75 Cents Each

- THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. 70 illustrations.
- ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. 42 illustrations.
- THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE. 50 illustrations.
- BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. 46 illustrations.
- A CHILD'S STORY OF THE BIBLE. 72 illustrations.
- A CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST. 49 illustrations.
- ÆSOP'S FABLES. 62 illustrations.
- SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. 50 illustrations.
- THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. By Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated.
- GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. 50 illustrations.
- MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES, JINGLES, AND FAIRY TALES. 234 illustrations.
- WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY. 80 illustrations.
- BLACK BEAUTY. By Anna Sewell. 50 illustrations.
- ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. 130 illustrations.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIBRARY (Continued)

- ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. 75 illustrations.
- GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. 50 illustrations.
- GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR. 68 illustrations.
- FLOWER FABLES. By Louisa M. Alcott. 50 illustrations.
- AUNT MARTHA'S CORNER CUPBOARD. By Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. 54 illustrations.
- WATER BABIES. By Charles Kingsley. 84 illustrations.
- UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. 90 illustrations.
- TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb. 65 illustrations.
- ADVENTURES IN TOYLAND. 70 illustrations.
- ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE. 18 illustrations.
- MIXED PICKLES. 31 illustrations.
- LITTLE LAME PRINCE. By Miss Mulock. 24 illustrations.
- THE SLEEPY KING. 77 illustrations.
- RIP VAN WINKLE. By Washington Irving. 46 illustrations.
- A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 100 illustrations.
- ANIMAL STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. 50 illustrations.
- HOW BESSIE KEPT HOUSE. By Amanda M. Douglas.
- HELEN'S BABIES. By John Habberton.
- AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
- TANGLEWOOD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
- GREEK HEROES. By Charles Kingsley.
- THE WONDER BOOK. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
- TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. By Richard Henry Dana.



W9-CWD-144

